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THE REFLECTOR.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

In their ideas of Christian perfection we find the greatest inconsistencies among the followers of the Lamb. On one side, we are told it consists in an abstract, disinterested love of God; while on the other hand, it is represented as only demanding a fervent and active love of men.

One places it in excitement, and fervent and indiscriminating zeal; then, another will insist on no more than a formal compliance with the order and decencies of society. In this way we continually meet with inadequate and inconsistent conceptions of Christian duty and of Christian character. We see too much stress laid on particular qualities, and too much importance given to distinct rules; while other qualities and rules at least equally necessary, are overlooked or disregarded. But in the character of Christ there is nothing of this disproportion. No single virtue stands forth to throw into darkness all others. All is consistent. Each quality adds its strength and beauty to the rest, and contributes to form the full measure of an heavenly perfection. The unity and consistency of the Christian character, thus exhibited by our Saviour, when frequently contemplated, will guard us from taking the injunctions of the gospel either in an overstrained or a licentious meaning, and will teach us that we are to render our obedience, and to ask the favor of God, not by the acquisition of any particular quality, but by endeavoring after the consistent perfection of all; not by a narrow and restricted compliance with any single class of duties, but by the resolute and faithful performance of every one.

Christian Register.

TRUE POLITENESS.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is, in fact good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite and passion. It accommodates itself to the fanatic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste as well as delicacy;—and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant nature—it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation; it represses the despicable but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery and gives delicacy to wit, it preserves subordination, and reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy can sink it into a coarse familiarity; to superiors it is respectful freedom; to inferiors, it is unassuming good nature, to equals every thing that is charming; studying, anticipating and attending to all things, yet, at the same time, apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness—by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes; and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

THE TATTLER.

There is not a being that moves on the surface of the habitable globe, more degraded, or more contemptible, than a tattler. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile meanness, despicable insiduousness, form his character. Has he wit? In attempting to display it, he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By unhesitatingly disclosing their secrets, he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to the world that he knew but little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue fruitful with falsehood, defames his character. Does he covet the favor of any one? He attempts to gain it by slandering others. His approach is feared—his person hated—his company shunned—and his sentiments despised, as emanating from a heart fruitful with guile, teeming with iniquity, loaded with envy, malice and revenge. Are there any parents, who wish a son of this description? Let them encourage him in the beginning of his career. Listen to every tale he tells, declaim in his presence against the subject of it—condemn the slandered unheard, and if their desires are not gratified, it will prove an exception in the common course of nature.

MISCELLANY.

The following story is from the Token for 1830. "The narrative parts of it are facts in the life of Mr. Jacob Frost of this town.

THE YOUNG PROVINCIAL.

"Now father, tell us all about the old gun," were the words of one of a number of children who were seated round the hearth of a New-England cottage. The old man sat in an arm chair at one side of the fire-place, and his wife was installed in one of smaller dimensions on the other. The little boys, that they might not disturb the old man's meditations, seemed to keep as much silence as possible for individuals of their age; the fire burned high, with a sound like that of a trumpet, and its blaze occasionally shone on an old rifle which was suspended horizontally about the mantel.

"Willingly, my boys," said the old man, apparently animated by his returning recollections. "It may help you to give an idea of old times, when boys could not stay in their quiet homes like you, but were forced, or rather glad, to do what little good they could for their country. My father lived in Tewksbury, a small town in Middlesex county. We were not generally much interested in the news of the day, but the spirit of resistance had then spread to every cottage in the country. The younger men of our village, following the example of others, had formed themselves into military bands, who were obliged by the terms of their association to be ready to march at a moment's warning, and were, therefore, called Minute Men.—Perhaps if you accent the last syllable of that word minute, it would better describe a considerable portion of our number, of whom I was one. I armed myself with that rifle which you see over the mantel, though it was a weary labor to me to bear it on the march, and this with a leathern bag for bullets, and a powder-horn, completed my equipments. We relied more upon the justice of our cause than to mention our skill in sharp shooting, than upon military discipline, and thence derived courage which was not a little needed; for the name of Regular was a very formidable one to every American ear.

"Having completed our preparations, such as they were, we waited for an opportunity, which the British were expected soon to afford us. It was understood that their purpose to possess themselves of certain military stores at Concord, and a secret arrangement was made with the friends of liberty in Boston, that when they marched out for that purpose, lights should be displayed in certain spires to alarm the country. One night in April, after a day of unusually hard labor, we were suddenly startled with a heavy sound which shook all the windows of the house. Another followed it, and we said in deep and half-breathless tones to each other. "It is the signal gun!" I must confess that my heart beat hard at the sound, and my cheek was cold with dismay; but my father, who was lame with a wound received in the old French war, encouraged us by his animation. "Now," said he, "the time is come, and do your best." We had no time for reflections, so we ran hastily to the meeting-house, where the rest of our number were already collected by the light of lanterns. With your ideas of military show, you might in a calmer moment have smiled at our display. The younger men were gathered in groups round certain veterans who rejoiced in that opportunity of fighting their battles over again; but the arrival of the Colonel broke up their conference. He came, not in state with his staff around him, but with that sign of authority in his hand. He was a man whose equanimity nothing ever disturbed, and I am free to confess that I heartily envied him, when I heard his quiet tones calling to his men to mind their business; and when they had sufficiently arranged their ranks, saying, "Come, we'd as good's go along."—Along he went, as quietly as he had followed his plough that day, but there were hearts among his followers that were sorely oppressed by the excitement of the scene.

"We moved in darkness and silence on the road to Lexington. As we came near the town, we thought we heard the sound of some unusual motion, and, as the day, began to dawn, were on the watch to discover the cause, when suddenly, as we turned the base of a hill, the martial music burst upon the ear, & the bright colors, and long red files of the British army came full in view. As if by one consent, we all stood still for a time; and I declare to you, that helpless as we were in comparison with such a force, and young as I was for such encounters, the moment I saw what the danger was, I felt at once relieved, and, nothing doubting that an engagement must take place, I longed for it to begin.

"In a few moments we heard the sound of irregular firing, and saw our countrymen dispersing in all directions. Then our senior officer gave orders—

not after a military sort, but still the best that could be given on such an occasion—for each man to go into the fields and fight "upon his own hook." This was done at once, and with surprising execution. A close fire was poured in on the Regulars from all quarters, though not an American was to be seen. They fired passionately and at random, but every moment they saw their best men falling, and found themselves obliged to retreat without revenge. Closely did we follow them throughout that day.—Unused as we were to blood, we felt a triumph when each one of our enemies fell. I received two balls in my clothes, and one passed through my hat, but so engaged was I in firing, that I hardly noticed them at the time.

"When my powder was gone, I went out on the track of the retreating army, with a high heart and burning cheek I assure you. The first of the fallen that I saw before me, was a young officer, not older than myself, who had received a wound in the breast, and was laying by the way side. There was a calm repose in the expression of his features, which I have often seen in those who died with gunshot wounds; his lips were gently parted, and he seemed like one neither dead nor sleeping; but profoundly wrapt in meditations on distant scenes and friends. I went up to him with the same proud feeling which I had maintained throughout the battle; but when I saw him laying there in his beauty, and thought of all the hopes that were crushed by that blow, of those who were dreaming of him as one free from danger, and waiting the happy moment that was to restore him to their arms; and more than all, when I thought that I might have been the cause of all this destruction, my heart relented within me, and I confess to you that I sat down by that poor youth and wept like a child. I left the spot with the heavy steps of one who feels the weight of blood upon his head, and returned to my father's house resolved to expiate my crime. The image of that youth, pale and bleeding, was before my eyes by day, and at my bedside by night, for weeks after, and in every wind I thought I heard the voice of the avenger of blood."

"And did you fight no more, father?" "Oh! yes, my boy. As soon as Boston was invested, we heard that our services were called for, and nothing more was wanted to fill the ranks of the army. I arrived at the camp the evening before the battle of Bunker Hill.—Though weary with the march of the day, I went to the hill upon which our men were throwing up a breastwork in silence, and happened to reach the spot just as the morning was breaking in the sky. It was clear and calm; the sky was like pearl, the mist rolled lightly from the still water, and the large vessels of the enemy lay quiet as the islands. Never shall I forget the earthquake-voice with which that silence was broken. A smoke like that of a conflagration burst from the sides of the spires, and the first thunders of the revolutionary storm rolled over our heads. The bells of the city spread the alarm, the lights flashed in a thousand windows, the drums and trumpets mustered their several bands, and the sounds, in their confusion, seemed like an articulate voice foretelling the strife of that day.

"We took our places mechanically, side by side, behind the breastwork, and waited for the struggle to begin.—We waited long in silence. There was no noise but of the men at the breastwork strengthening their rude fortifications. We saw the boats put off from the city, and land the forces on the shore beneath our station. Still there was silence, except when the tall figure of our commander moved along our line, directing us not to fire till the word was given. For my part, as I saw those gallant forces march up the hill in well ordered ranks, with the easy confidence of those who had been used to victory, I was motionless with astonishment and delight. I thought only on their danger, and the steady courage with which they advanced to meet it, the older officers moving with mechanical indifference, the younger with impatient daring. Then a fire blazed along their ranks, but the shot struck in the redoubt or passed harmlessly over our heads. Not a solitary musket answered, and if you had seen the redoubt, you would have said that some mighty charm had turned all its inmates to stone. But when they stood so near us that every shot would tell, a single gun from the right was the signal for us to begin, and we poured them a fire, under which a single glance before the smoke covered all, showed us, their columns reel like some mighty wall which the elements are striving to overthrow. As the vapor passed away, their line appeared as if a scythe of destruction had cut it down, for one long line of dead and dying marked the spot where their ranks had stood. Again they returned to the charge; again they

were cut down; and then the heavy masses of smoke from the burning town, added magnificence to the scene. By this time my powder horn was empty, and most of those around me had but a single charge remaining. It was evident that our post must be abandoned, but I resolved to resist them once again. They came upon us with double fury. An officer happened to be near; raising my musket and putting all my strength into the blow, I laid him dead at my feet. But, meantime, the British line passed on in pursuit of the flying Americans, and thus cut off my retreat; one of their soldiers fired, and the ball entered my side. I fell, and was beaten with muskets on the head until they left me for dead upon the field.

"When I recovered, the soldiers were employed in burying their dead. An officer inquired if I could walk; but finding me unable, he directed his men to drag me by the feet to their boats, where I was thrown in, fainting with agony, and carried with the rest of the prisoners to Boston. One of my comrades, who saw me fallen, returned with the news to my parents. They heard nothing more concerning me, but had heard no doubt that I was slain. They mourned for me as I st, and a rude stone was erected near the graves of my family, in the burying-ground, to record the fate of the one who was not permitted to sleep with his fathers. I doubt not that the mourning was sincere, nor do I doubt that there was in all their sorrow a feeling of exultation, that one of their number was counted worthy to suffer death in the service of his country. The old schoolmaster, who was a learned man, said it was like the monument to the slain at Marathon, a great field of ancient times, and often pointed it out to his scholars from his school window, to encourage that spirit of freedom which was the passion of that day.

"I was carried to the hospital in Boston, and never shall I forget the scene presented in that abode of woe. The rooms were small and crowded; the regular and provincial were thrown in together, to be visited, that is, looked upon, if perchance they could catch his eye, once a day, by an indifferent physician, who neither understood nor cared for his duty. It was dire and dreadful to hear the wretches poured out by some dying wretch, upon the rebels, who had given him his death wound; but my heart sunk far more at hearing the last words of some of my countrymen, who entreated the surviving to tell their friends that in death they remembered them, and gave up their lives calmly and religiously as brave men should.—One youth of my own age do I remember; his bed was next to mine. One night his gasping informed me that his death was drawing nigh. I rose upon my elbow and looked upon him, as a pale lamp shone upon his features.—There was a tear in his eye, and his thoughts were far away, evidently returning to that home which never was to behold him again. Long time he lay thus, and I remembered gazing on him, expecting myself soon to pass through the same change. At last the expression of his countenance altered; he raised his hands and clasped them as if in supplication; his eyes were turned upwards, and in that prayer, when sleep had happily sealed the eyes of the blasphemers around him, he gave up his soul to God.

"When the British were obliged to retire from Boston, I was taken to Halifax with the rest of the prisoners, in the fleet. I was placed in a prison-ship, but soon removed to a prison in the town. The confinement grew intolerable as my limbs recovered strength, and the prison door was hardly closed before I resolved with my companions, that we would not rest till we had made one great endeavor. Every day we were insulted by the wretches employed to guard us; our food was hardly sufficient to sustain us; we were not permitted to know any thing of the success of our countrymen, and as often as any favor was requested, it was denied with bitter scorn. Our apartment, in which six were confined, resembled a dungeon; but this, while it added to the gloom of our condition, aided our attempts at escape. I was fortunate enough to find an old bayonet upon the floor, with which I loosened the masonry of the prison wall. Long and weary did we labor, relieving each other at the task, and thus keeping constantly employed day and night, except when the grating of rusty hinges informed us that the turnkey was coming near our room. We had hung up our clothing on the wall where we labored as soon as we entered the jail, so that it was not suspected to be a screen for our labors. In the course of four long weeks we succeeded in penetrating through the wall, and never did my heart bound with such delight, as when I saw the first gleam of a star through the opening.

"We waited for a night suitable to our purpose, and it seemed as if the ele-

ments had conspired against us; for seven days passed, and each night was as clear and as calm as possible. At last the night set in dark and stormy. The wind as it howled from the ocean, and sent the rain rattling against our little window; was music to our ears. We heard the toll of midnight from the bells of the town, and then began our operations. We took the stones of the wall and placed them within the dungeon, removing them silently and one by one. When the passage was opened, we saw that it was not very high above ground. We doubted not that the sentry would shelter himself in his box from the storm, but lest he should discover us, each armed himself with a stone. He was sheltered, as we supposed, but hearing the sound we made in letting ourselves down from the breach, he came towards us. Before he could give his challenge we threw our stones at the unfortunate man; and heard him sink heavily to the earth, his musket ringing as he fell.

"Four of our number were strong, but one with myself, was infirm from the effect of wounds. They, therefore, at our request, left us behind, though with much apparent reluctance. It was an evil hour for them when they did so, for they were afterwards retaken, and committed to prison again, where ill treatment and depression put an end to their lives before the close of the war. I went with my companion into a swamp about a mile from the town, and we had hardly secured our retreat, and laid ourselves down to rest, when the roar of a gun came floating upon the wind, a signal that our retreat was discovered. It was followed by the martial shout of the bugle; but, near as it was, we could go no farther, and could only quietly employ ourselves in gathering boughs of pine to form a kind of couch and covering. Thus we lay sheltered till the day dawned, listening in no pleasing suspense to the sounds of alarm that reached us from the town. In a few hours the sounds drew near us; we could even see our pursuers as they passed by. A small party employed a stratagem to draw us from the swamp, in which they thought it possible we had taken shelter. Suddenly crying out, "Here they are," they fired into the shrubbery; but, tho' the balls fell all around us, we saw their motions and were not frightened from our hiding place. We rose at night, and went on our way, subsisting upon roots and berries, together with a little miserable bread, which we had saved for this expedition; but we were tortured with hunger, and, on passing a barn my companion secured a fowl, which we ate, raw as it was, with delight.

"Thus we travelled for seven days, almost without food, and entirely without shelter; but our strength began to give way. I deliberately with my companion, who was resolute, though still more feeble than I, and we determined to throw ourselves on the mercy of some passing traveller. We had no other possible chance of relief and though this was hazardous, and almost hopeless, we resolved, if we met but one person, we would make ourselves known, and ask his protection. Soon after we had decided on this adventure we heard the lingering tramp of a horse, and saw a venerable looking person, who reminded us of one of the New England farmers, going to market with well filled saddlebags, from which the claws of poultry made their appearance, in the attitude of supplication. He was to all appearance just the man we wanted to see, and our first impressions were not disappointed. I came out from the hedge, and requested him to hear me; but he looked at me with his eyes and mouth wide open, and saying, "Can't stop," endeavored, with much clamor, to urge his beast into a quicker step. But the steed was my friend on this occasion, and absolutely refused to hasten his movements without some better reason than he saw at the time. I took advantage of this delay to state my condition to the old man, whose countenance changed at once on hearing my story. "Conscience!" said he, "I thought ye no better than a peacocks; but ye look most starved." So saying he got off his horse, and, opening his saddlebags, he gave me the bread and cheese which he had provided for his own journey. This I shared with my companion, who came forward and joined me. "I was going to ask you to ride double," said the farmer, "but the creature can't carry three, though ye are both of ye rather meagre. However, wait here till I come back at night, then I will lend a hand to help you. I don't know as it's quite right, but I took a notion for the Americans myself, when I heard you were angry about the price of tea. It's dear enough here, that's certain. But whether or no, I can't see how I should help King George by carrying you back to Halifax, to be hanged, may be, though I would do any thing for the old gentleman in reason." With

many cautions and encouragements, he left us.

"We concealed ourselves through the day, and many suspicions came over us, that our friend might be induced by the reward to give us up to our pursuers. But we did him justice. At night he came back, and seemed glad to see us when we made our appearance. 'I might have come back before,' said he, 'but I thought we could work better in the dark.' He then dismounted, and without delay directed us to mount the horse, while he would walk by its side. For a long time we refused to suffer him, aged as he was, to encounter such fatigue; but we were really worn out, and at last consented. We went on all that night, the old man keeping up our spirits by his conversation. It was day-break before he showed any intention of making a permanent halt; but as the morning grew red in the sky, he urged us forward till we stopped under the windows of a solitary farm house, with its large buildings round it, not neat as they are seen in New-England, but still indicating thrift and industry in its possessor. 'Thank Heaven, here we are,' said the farmer, 'for I do not know how it is, I am not the man for a walk I once was;' and truly the weight of eighty years have exempted him from such labors. He went to what appeared to be a bed-room window, where he knocked with some caution. Forthwith a night-capped head made its appearance, and at once declared its native land by the exclamation, 'Law for me! what brings you home at this time of night?' But the question was answered by a request that the individual, who was no less than the old man's helpmate, would rise and open the door. She arose with cheerful alacrity, and immediately began to make preparations for the morning's meal, without troubling herself much about the character of her husband's guests, tho' it should not be forgotten, that he condescended to make some little explanation. When the breakfast was over, which, however, was a work of time, we were invited to spend all that day in rest after our long and painful journey.

In the evening we met again in the huge kitchen, which was the gathering place of the family, who were amused with some feigned account of our character, and the object of our visit. When the miscellaneous collection had retired, leaving us with the old man and his wife we gave a full account of our adventures finding from his unconcern as to politics that we were in a place of security. He told us there was much confusion in the town on account of our escape, and that a reward was offered for our detection, while at the same time detachments of soldiers were sent in pursuit. He himself was strictly examined, and he said that he did not feel quite easy in his mind, when he thought of the lies of all sorts and sizes which he had felt obliged to tell. 'However,' said he, 'I did not do evil that good might come. I did the good first, and the evil followed, which was no look out of mine.'

"We proposed to leave him that night, but he would by no means consent to this, and insisted on our remaining with him for some time, as he said, 'to pick up our crumbs.' On the third night we took leave of our Samaritan with the deepest emotions of his kindness. I always looked on the bright of human nature; but I never received an impression in its favor so decided and reviving as from the conduct of this humble man. I never saw or heard of him again.

Our friend had given us directions to a place where we could take passage for Falmouth, now Portland.—We succeeded in reaching it without difficulty, and though we had no money, his recommendation gained us a place in the vessel. I felt relieved when once more upon the waters, and standing gallantly out to sea. With what different feelings had I traversed the same ocean-roads before. Then my heart died within me, as I stood on the battlements of the floating castle that bore me through the waves; every moment increased the distance that separated me from my home and country, which grew dearer to me in the hour of its own distress and mine; now as our little whaleboat bounded over the waves, I felt bold, joyous and triumphant. I thought then there were moments in a life of changes, which atone for the heaviness of its hours. I have since learned that the only real happiness is that which I then unconsciously felt, arising from the reflection that I had done my duty.

"From Falmouth we went home on foot. Before I reached my native village, my companion left me. His society had become endeared to me by our partnership in misfortune, and I parted from him with sorrow. He has ceased from the number of the living long ago, but I hope to meet him again. I entered my native place in a clear summer afternoon; the air was calm, the sky was clear, and there was stillness like that of the Sabbath through the whole extent of the place. I remember hearing the distant bell, and knew that they were assembled for the lecture which preceded the communion service, according to the custom of our fathers. I went to my father's door, and entered it softly. My mother was sitting in her usual place by the fireside, though there were green boughs instead of faggots in the chimney

before her. When she saw me, she gave a wild look, grew deadly pale, and, making an ineffectual effort to speak to me, fainted away. With much difficulty I resorted her, but it was long before I could make her understand that the supposed apparition was in truth her son whom she had so long mourned for as dead. My little brother had also caught a glimpse of me, and with that superstition which was in that day so much more common than it is in this, he was sadly alarmed. In his first fright he ran to the meeting-house to give the alarm; when he reached that place, the service had ended, and the congregation were just coming from its doors. Breathless with fear, he gave them his tidings, inspiring even his dread, in that moment, for the venerable minister and the snowy wigs of the deacons. Having told them what he had seen, they turned, with the whole assembly after them, towards my father's house, and such was their impatience to arrive at the spot, that minister, deacons, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, quickened their steps to a run.

"Never was there such a confusion in our village. The young were eloquent in their amazement, and the old put on their spectacles to see the strange being who had thus returned as from the dead. I told my story over and over again. As often as I concluded it, new detachments arrived, who insisted on hearing all the particulars in their turn. The house was crowded with visitors till far into the night, when the minister dismissed them, by calling on my father and mother to join him in an offering of praise, 'For this son which was dead and is alive again, which was lost and is found.'

TWENTY-FIRST CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9.
On motion of Mr. Woodbury, the Senate proceeded to ballot for a Chairman of the Committee on Finance, when Mr. Smith of Maryland, was elected without opposition. The same day the President of the Senate pro tem announced the appointment of the standing committees, as follows:

ON FOREIGN RELATIONS. Tazewell, Sanford, White, Bell and Kling.
ON FINANCE. Smith of Md. Smith of S. C. Silsbee, King and Johnston.
ON COMMERCE. Woodbury, Johnston, Silsbee, Sanford and Forsyth.
ON MANUFACTURES. Dickerson, Ruggles, Knight, Seymour and Bibb.
ON AGRICULTURE. Marks, Willey, Noble, McLean and Seymour.
ON MILITARY AFFAIRS. Benton, Barnard, Troup, Hendricks and Livingston.
ON THE MILITIA. Brainard, Tyler, Clayton, Dudley and Noble.
ON NAVAL AFFAIRS. Hayne, Tazewell, Robbins, Woodbury and Webster.
ON PUBLIC LANDS. Barton, Livingston, Kane, Ellis and McKinley.
ON PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS. Burnett, Barton, Kane, Grundy and Sprague.
ON INDIAN AFFAIRS. White, Troup, Hendricks, Dudley and Benton.
ON CLAIMS. Ruggles, Bell, Chase, Foot and McLane.
ON THE JUDICIARY. Rowan, McKinley, Webster, Hayne and Frelinghuysen.
ON THE POSTOFFICE AND POST ROADS. Bibb, Burnett, Forsyth, Ellis and Seymour.
ON PENSIONS. Holmes, Foot, Chase and Chambers.
ON THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. Chambers, Tyler, Holmes, Clayton and Sprague.
ON THE CONTINGENT FUND. Kane, Ireland and Knight.
ON ENGROSSED BILLS. Marks, Willey and Grundy.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned from Thursday the 10th inst. to Monday the 14th. MONDAY, Dec. 14.

In the House of Representatives, nothing interesting was transacted, except the appointment of Committees as follows:

Standing Committees of the House.
On Elections.—Alston, Tucker, Claiborne, Randolph, Jackson of Ten. Beckman, Coleman.
On Ways and Means.—McDuffie, Verplanck, Dwight, Smyth of Va. Ingersoll, Gilmore, Overton.
On Claims.—Williams, Whitteley, Parker of Conn. McIntire, Ramsey, Lea, Lott.
On Commerce.—Cambridge, Newton, Gorham, Harvey, Sutherland, Howard, Wayne.
On Public Lands.—Isaac, Jennings, Duncan, Hunt, Potter, Irvin of Ohio, Clay.
On Postoffices and Post Roads.—Johnson of Ky. Comer, Magee, Hodges, Russell, McCree, Campbell.
On the District of Columbia.—Powers, Allen, Washington, Varnum, Taliaferro, Ibris, Semmes.
On the Judiciary.—Buchanan, Wickliffe, Storrs of N. Y., Davis of S. C., Bouldin, Ellsworth, White of La.
On Revolutionary Claims.—Burgess, Dickinson, Fry, Wingate, Goodnow, Young Brown.
On Public Expenditures.—Hall, Davenport of Va., Lyon, Maxwell of N. Y., Spencer of Md., Thompson of Ohio, Worton.
On Private Land Claims.—Curley, Sterigere, Nuckolls, Pettib, Test, Foster, Taylor.
On Manufactures.—Mallory, Stanberry, Condict, Martin, Daniel, Irwin of Penn., Monell.
On Indian Affairs.—Bell, Lumpkin, Hinds, Storrs of Conn. Anshard, Gaither, Lewis.
On Foreign Affairs.—Archer, Everett of Ms. Taylor, Polk, Wild, Crawford, Barnwell.
On Military Affairs.—Drayton, Vance, Dosh, Findlay, Blair of S. C. Mitchell, Spight.
On Naval Affairs.—Hoffman, Crowninshield, Miller, Ripley, Carson, Dorsey, Wright of N. Y.

On Agriculture.—Spenser of N. Y., Wilson, Rose, Smith of Pa. Stadler, Deberry, Chandler.
On the Territories.—Clark of Ky. Green, Creighton, Armstrong, Angel, Cowles, Sheppard.
On Military Pensions.—Bates, Lecompte, Forward, Chilton, Hammons, Buckee, Ford.
On Revisal and Unfinished Business.—Pearce, Reed, Pearson.
On Accounts.—Halsey, Swan, Broadhead.
On the Expenses of the State Department.—Earl, Sill, King of N. Y.
On the Expenses of the Treasury Department.—Lieber, Cochran, Kendall.
On Expenditures in the Department of War.—Maxwell, Mahlenberg, Crockett.
On the Expenses in the Department of the Navy.—Shepherd, Bartley, Evans of Pa.
On the Expenses in the Post Office Department.—Yancy, Burst, Scott.
On Public Buildings.—Sprigg, Bailey, Swift.

Select Committees.

On Internal Improvement.—Hemphill, Blair of Ten. Haynes, Letcher, Vinton, Craig of Va. Butman.
On the Militia.—Thompson of Ga. King of Penn. Barringer, Weeks, Craig of N. Y. Kincaid, Cahoon.
On Retrenchment.—Wickliffe, Coulter, Davis of Mass. Lamar, Cook, Huntington, De Witt.
On the Census.—Storrs of N. Y. Craine, Johns, Everett of Conn. Richardson, Boon, Cooper.
On Presidential Election.—McDuffie, Haynes, Carson, Lea, Martindale, Stephens, Hughes.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16.
A petition was presented to the House on Tuesday, from Reuel Washburn, against the return of J. W. Ripley as a member of the House. Referred to Committee on Elections.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.
THE LAY PREACHER.

[CONTINUED.]

"Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunk also." HARKNELL, 2, XV.

Others of the directly guilty class are such as professionally deal in ardent spirits. It might be imagined that the heavier weight of responsibility was not resting on these persons, inasmuch as they act not as immediate and gratuitous volunteers in holding the bottle. That they are controlled by circumstances beyond their power to govern. And that they are but the innocent instruments of the really responsible. Such reasoning is however mere sophistry. It would be such in any community—in any country. But in this land of ample means for livelihood, no force of circumstances can exist to render the argument even plausible. He who in this bountiful land, voluntarily engages in the business of vending spirituous liquors to his neighbors, does it under no imposing necessity nor irresistible inducement, unless it be the inducement of unholy gain. Nor can men of common capacity and common acquirements, such as shall qualify them to conduct their business with usual success, in these times of diffused light, pretend that they cannot perceive the immorality of their employment. Indeed they cannot oppose us with so much decency as did the poor ignorant Ephesians the preaching of Paul when in zeal to support their occupation, they cried out "great is Diana of the Ephesians."

I say therefore that when any one engages in manufacturing or vending any of those scourges denominated ardent spirit, they at once incur the responsibility named in the text and with justice may expect the woe there denounced.

It is indeed almost unaccountable among the phenomena of moral influences, that in a business so inconsistent with the divine spirit of christianity—so irreconcilable with the self-evident principles of pure morality and so repugnant to the benevolent and chaste sensibility of a feeling heart; so many men of virtuous principles and correct habits, should have been thus engaged. But we must remember that there was a time when even the slave trade was viewed with at least a little horror as the trade in ardent spirits is now. As the change of opinion on that subject was opposed by unhalloved avarice, so it has been in this. The progress in that case was slow—in this its commencement promises greater speed. There was a time too when war was viewed in a different light from what it is at this day. When the christian could look on and cheer the victors and exult over the vanquished. There was a time when good men thought it pious work to wash their hands in the blood of our aboriginal brethren. Even in very late days in our own vicinity the sanguine deeds of an Indian butcher have been celebrated with demonstrations of great joy by a highly polished people. Probably many a year—perhaps a century—may pass away before the patriot, and the christian, who feel so sensibly on these subjects, shall find their hopes and wishes consummated. The relative distance of this consummation should not operate to repress our exertions to bring it forward. I apprehend that the apathy produced on well disposed minds by the chilling and enervating opinions that opposition to the rolling flood of immorality is vain, gives a more powerful impulse to that flood than the causes that operate in its origin. Opposition, that should rise before it sinks below till it passes on; then rises and swells the wave along. Look over the world and what a vast proportion of its better part are tainted with this apathetic infirmity. What a lamentable lacking of confidence in that ability which they will still rarely deny they possess. How much of evil is passively endured, how much of crime passes current through the land, which but a slight exercise of but a part of our moral energies would arrest and suppress. Apply this consideration to the particular subject in view. How many of the venders of spirituous liquors shall we find to be men of good moral characters? Men who would not willingly build a fortune on the moral or physical suffering of their customers. Who could not willingly add an ounce weight of influence to the tendencies every where current, corrupting the public morals and manners. View

these men again in the common and daily incidents in their pursuit and see how their hourly practices contradict the sentiments which we have allowed them to possess. Whence arises this apparent contradiction? I answer, from that most unaccountable listlessness—that most criminal insensibility and cruel negligence—nay, shall I say, that most pitiable cowardice which is found in many hearts, destined by nature to better emotions. And how shall we remedy so great an evil? There is a redeeming spirit gone abroad and already awaking thousands from their moral stupor to new life. Many are awaking from the dead and inquiring the way to be saved from the error of their ways. Many have nobly resolved that no item in their gains shall be tarnished with the miseries of suffering innocence or the guilt of a violated duty. That they will no longer be the panders to the depraved appetites of depraved men, nor the instrument of suicide to the insane and the deranged.

But there is a reverse to this picture. There are those engaged in the pestilential business of trading in these evil spirits, who it seems, would consider the account of dollars and cents could never be balanced by any amount of moral good; and that patriotism, honor and integrity,—and every virtue the purest joys of social life—the divine aspirations of a pious heart—in short, love to God and good will to man—that all when weighed in the balance with silver and gold, would necessarily be found wanting. How deeply degraded is the man thus affected. Would he learn that "riches," which, while they continue, secure nothing, "take to themselves wings and fly away"—that "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied"—and "how hard it is for those who trust in riches, to enter into the kingdom of God," it would seem, that as a matter of policy and of self interest, he would change his opinions and his practices. But how shall he learn them?—Shut out from all approaches to better views by the society he seeks and by the society that seeks him—arrested from every transient awaking of compunction by the intervention of selfish lures—every call of a half silenced conscience, drowned by the clamours of unprincipled worldlings, he stands an almost hopeless monument of the inveteracy of evil customs supported by corrupt principles.

Could I be permitted to address him I would ask him if the numerous miseries flowing from this department of his occupation could excite no commiseration. Is it nothing to him that parents should lament the ruin of a once virtuous child—that a wife should bewail the lost affection, the ruined character and the brutal manners of a once beloved husband, or that a child should weep over the corrupted relics of what was once a venerated parent?—Can he see, with no impressions of regret, a family suffering from the want of the necessities of life, and at the same time, deal out to its head who ought to be its guardian, the very poison that has been the cause of all their misery.

But if naught but self be his spring of motion, then I would finally appeal to that. I would ask him if reputation be to him of no regard. If the name of being accessory to all the vices following in the train of intemperance; of all the sorrow, follies, errors and crimes consequent to it, be naught to him. If then I should perceive that there should be nothing pure in the character of his selfishness, then I would appeal to the very grossness of his ruling passion and prove to him how much this guilty trade carried to the debtor side of his profit and loss account. I would shew him how many of his once valuable customers had become bankrupt and forever incapacitated for doing business by hard drinking. How many otherwise promising young men, had become disqualified from rising in the world and becoming extensive purchasers and able and prompt paymasters, by hard drinking. How many thousand little sums had been filched from his treasury by stratagem, deceit and knavery, by the lowest among the professors of hard drinking. And finally I would shew him how much more certain and expeditious would be the way to wealth if he in no way should come in contact with the intemperate nor give aid and succour to their propensities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

All know that military reviews and elections are often scenes of riot. They may cease to be such; the remedy is simple; and it depends on the PEOPLE to say whether the remedy shall be applied. The Legislature will doubtless be disposed to use the best means in their power to promote good order on such occasions; but they are the representatives of the PEOPLE. Shall a christian community tolerate the intoxication and outrages of the musterfield and the training? Or shall they declare through their only efficient organ, ARDENT SPIRIT SHALL NOT BE ADMINISTERED AT ANY TIME WHEN THE MILITIA ARE CALLED EITHER TO CHOOSE OFFICERS OR PERFORM SERVICE? Young men, as our soldiers are, do not need it, if it is ever necessary. Let the drunkard go somewhere else to take his poison.

Fellow-Citizens, shall we join this winter in sending petitions to our Legislature to abolish a custom, which all know to be dangerous even to life, and which is acknowledged to be demoralizing by most LOVERS OF SOBRIETY.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

NORWICH, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29.

We have received the first number of the PROTESTANT AND ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW printed at Augusta by Eaton & Severance, which they propose publishing once a fortnight, at \$1.50 a year, or \$1.25 in advance. It is neatly printed in 8 pages quarto. We hope the friends of liberal christianity will come forward and subscribe for this work, and thereby enable its publishers to continue it with profit and advantage.

THE CITIZEN.—This paper, which the Jackson editors have killed and buried, and whose publication has been suspended for a few weeks has come again to life. This is the second paper these Jackson editors have killed off and buried within a few months, but the plaguy things "won't stay killed."

From the Pittsburg Statesman.

"REFORM."

The following neatly appropriate and just compliment, is from the Warren Gazette. It supported General Jackson. But its editors possess magnanimity as well as talent. Like the editor of the Mercury they think that it is not necessary to support Gen. Jackson, that they should deary "the talents and patriotism of Henry Clay." The article is alike creditable for its style and its sentiment. Can any paper, even a Jackson editor, be coaxed or hired to say as much of J. C. Calhoun!—Mr. John, "we pause for a reply."

HENRY CLAY.

"It is certainly remarkably that from amongst the many public speeches of this great statesman, no word can be found that has subjected him to the charge of inconsistency, although every speech yet published has passed the ordeal of strict political scrutiny. He framed and breathed life into the great American System—and yet continues by his public acts and speeches, and with the same consistent and unabated zeal and affection, to nourish and support it. In his retirement to private life he urges upon his adopted state the adoption of a general system of Internal Improvement; avows it to be the only means of sustaining her in the scale of national dignity, and the only sure policy by which her wealth can be increased. Thus far, then, he has been consistent, and his views have accorded with the true policy of our own state; and whatever may have been the extent of political indiscretion, ascribed to him—none can refuse him that praise that is due to a distinguished statesman, and to one, whose talents and public services have contributed much to the improvement of our common country. In his last speech he adverts in a most feeling manner to the great length of time he has been engaged in the public service—the sacrifice of health and the loss of that pleasure which once attended his rural and domestic life. He expresses a desire to return to the scenes of his boyish fancy to shake hands with his friends—and inquire respecting the births, deaths and marriages that have taken place in his absence. He speaks in the language of a plain republican, of the dilapidated state of his farm, and of the necessity of improving its condition, his unwillingness to embark again upon the sea of political strife, until the fury of the storm had subsided; he declines a re-election to Congress, as also a seat in the Legislature of his own state and anxiously solicits a respite from further fatigue until his emaciated constitution becomes once more restored to its wonted vigor."

The perpetual application of the term "federal," to all persons and things obnoxious to the Jackson presses, reminds us of a poor maniac we once saw, who thought and talked of nothing but beans. It was his only idea, and whatever you might say to him, his constant cry was—"I want some beans—give me some beans—why don't you give me some beans—I tell you I want some beans." With him it was all beans, beans, beans. With the Jackson presses it is all federal, federal, federal. With a slight change of phrases, the crazy man would make a first rate Jackson editor.

N. H. Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the exclusion of almost everything else, we this week present our readers with the President's Message, entire.—the most of them, we presume will agree with us, in considering this document in reference to its general tone and style as highly respectable, and one which will not diminish the respect due to the character of the Executive. Our Foreign relations as exhibited in the message are in a very satisfactory situation. It gives us pleasure to perceive that it is the intention of the present administration to pursue the same policy adopted by the last and preceding Administrations in our relations with the Nations with whom we have commercial intercourse, and unsettled negotiations. The citizens of Maine will also notice with

particular satisfaction, the favorable result anticipated by the President, in relation to the settlement of the disputed points of boundary between this State and the British Provinces.

It is not a little remarkable that the President, while stating so minutely the reasons for the recall of Mr. Poinsett, late Minister to Mexico, should assign no reason whatever for the recall of Mr. Barbour, Brown, and Everett, from the more important missions to England, France and Spain, nor for the recall of Gen. Harrison, our only other Minister to the Southern Republics—a little information on this subject would have been very acceptable. We have not learned that their recall was demanded by the powers to whom they were accredited—it certainly was not by the people who accredited them.

The recommendation of an alteration of the Constitution in relation to election of President, we think might with much propriety have been omitted. The constitution provides that alterations in the constitution, can only be effected by the concurrence of two thirds of both Houses of Congress, which would dispense entirely Executive agency, and we think any attempt on the part of the President to alter the manner of his own election, ought to be viewed with jealousy. We hope also to be pardoned for not assenting to the correctness of the doctrine contained in that part of the message which proposes limitation of appointments. In these office seeking days the recommendation will probably be a popular one—but the benefit that would result from its adoption, is altogether another question.

The manner in which the Tariff is disposed of in the Message reminds us of the Yankee Captain's recommendation of his cargo of shingles, who on being hard pushed by the proposed purchaser, in the presence of the owner, for his opinion as to the quality of the cargo, answered, "they were not the best, nor the worst, but pretty near it." So with the Tariff—we are told it is not so good as its friends, or so bad as its opponents, anticipated—but which way the balance inclines, is very cautiously left for the determination of others.

There is perhaps no part of the message which has met with more general disapprobation than the disposition manifested on the part of the Executive to prevent the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank. It will be recollected the present charter does not expire until 1836. The revival of this question, thus early, seems to be entirely uncalled for—and while the bills of the Bank remain at par, or are worth a premium, in every part of the Country, we do not see the propriety of saying that "it has failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency."

Some other parts of the message are liable to objections—the difference between the President's theory, and practice, in the appointment of members of Congress to offices of trust and profit, is particularly worthy of notice—and the decision which the President has come to in relation to the Cherokee Indians, will not be very readily acquiesced in by many of our citizens. With the exception of such subjects as we have named and a few others, we are highly pleased with the message, and the flattering picture which it presents of our Foreign relations and Domestic affairs will be fully realized—As a public document it will do honor to the Country—and to Mr. Van Buren, who is undoubtedly the author of it.—Maine Farmer.

THE HORNET. In relation to this ship, of whose loss but too well grounded apprehensions have latterly been entertained, a glimmer of hope is presented. We saw yesterday a gentleman who arrived here three days ago in the schooner Sam from Havana. He informs us that about the 15th Nov. a British Packet arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz, which reported that she had spoken the U. S. ship Hornet, dismasted, but that she had declined the offer of assistance tendered by the Packet. Our informant is no positive as to the fact, but thinks that it was said that the Hornet had thrown her guns overboard.

SEAMEN.—The New-York Enquirer says the number of our able Seamen is yearly decreasing—that it is doubtful whether we could now man a 74 in less than 6, 9, or perhaps 12 months—that ships of war hastily fitted have been obliged to sail without their complement of first rate seamen—and that our Naval Officers are becoming alarmed at this state of things. As a remedy, it is proposed that merchant vessels should be required, by law, to take apprentices—and that vessels of war should take two boys extra for each gun.

CONNECTICUT STATISTICS.—It appears by a publication in the Hartford Times, that there are in Connecticut, 41,416 dwelling houses, 2,607,869 acres of land, 1,592 mills, 1,827 stores, 409 distilleries, 1,211 manufactories, 32,358 horses, 219,783 neat cattle, 301,056 sheep; and that the whole value of the taxable property in that State is over eighty-seven millions of dollars.

MARRIED,
In this village, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. JONATHAN R. SMITH to Miss LYDIA RUST, both of this place.

DIED,
In Georgetown, widow Hannah McKenney, aged 93 years and 9 months. After living to see five generations, she could say, "Arise daughter and go to your daughter, for your daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

DR. NATHANIEL GRANT,
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Norway & vicinity that he has commenced boarding at the House of WILLIAM HOBBS, Esq. in this town, and assures all persons, who may be under the necessity of Medical or Surgical aid, and may place confidence enough in his acquirements to call on him for such, of receiving an immediate and strict attention—he hopes by a strict attention to the duties of his profession, both reading and practical, by success in business, and by maintaining a walk consistent with the responsible and important station which one of his profession holds, to merit no inferior share of the public patronage.
December 25, 1829.

NEW BOOKS.
JUST received at the Oxford Bookstore, Benjamin's system of Architecture, new edition, greatly improved and enlarged; Newcome's Observations on our Lord's conduct as a divine Instructor; Emmon's Sermons on various subjects of Christian Doctrine and Duty; Classical Dictionary; French and English Dictionary; French Grammar; Fisk's, Greenleaf's, Pidgeon's and Campbell's Grammars; Also the North American Arithmetic, a valuable book for schools, cheap.

THE following were the drawn balls in the 23d Class Steam Navigation Lottery:

35 41 29 25 40 39
and in the 9th Class Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery,
59-6-52-48-34-46-51-42

If you want a fortune call at Barton's.
Dec. 28. 3w 27

The following STANDARD MEDICINES has ever proved a safe, economical and efficacious cure for some of the most dangerous diseases—

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE PILES!

THE proprietor begs leave to recommend (which he does with the fullest confidence) one of the most valuable remedies known for this troublesome and painful complaint. Without going into detail, he deems it enough to say, he has in his possession the most undoubted testimonials that it has more completely answered the purpose for which it was intended, than any other popular medicine.—This remedy is perfectly innocent in its application, to all conditions, ages and sexes. Full directions, description of the complaint, &c. accompany each packet, which consists of two boxes, Ointment and Electuary. Price, \$1 for the whole, or 50 cents if but one of the articles is wanted.

TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH CORNS.

THE celebrated ALBION CORN PLASTER affords instant relief, and at the same time dissolves and draws the Corn out by the roots, without the least pain.

CERTIFICATE.—"To those afflicted with Corns on their feet I do certify, that I have used the Albion Corn Plaster, with complete success. Before I had used one box, it completely cured a Corn, which had troubled me for many years. I make this public for the benefit of those afflicted with that painful complaint."
WM. SHAW.
Flushing, L. I. Feb. 28."

Prepared from the original Recipe in MS of the late Dr. W. T. Conway, by his immediate Successor and sole Proprietor, T. KRODER, and sold wholesale by him at his counting-room over No. 97, (formerly called 70,) Court-street, head of Hanover-street, near Concert Hall, Boston, and retailed by his special appointment (together with all the valuable Medicines as prepared by the late Dr. Conway,) by
ASA BARTON, Norway, (Me.)

* Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of T. KRODER, on the outside printed wrapper.
* A large discount made to those who buy to sell again.
Dec. 23. 26 4w

NOTICE,

IS hereby given that the annual meeting of the GOLDEN RULE SOCIETY will be held at the Universalist Meeting House in Norway-Village, on Wednesday the sixth day of January next, at two o'clock, P. M. where an address will be delivered by Rev. BENJAMIN B. MURRAY.—The Members of said Society are requested to assemble at the School House at one o'clock, P. M. on said day. A punctual attendance is requested.
By order of the directors,
DAVID SMITH.
Dec. 21st, 1829. 26 2w

ELEGANT MERINO SHAWLS.

ONE hundred elegant Merino Shawls, long and square, at various prices from \$5 to \$35 each. Just received at No. 6, Mussey's Row, by
T. O. BRADLEY.
Portland, Oct. 23

MORE NEW FALL GOODS.

35 Packages just received and for sale cheaper than ever by
T. O. BRADLEY.
Portland, Oct. 23.

MANTUA-MAKING AND MILLINERY.

MRS. E. W. GOODNOW
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Norway and vicinity that she has commenced the MANTUA-MAKING and MILLINERY business in this village, (a few rods east of Mr. Smith's Inn) where she will be happy to wait upon all who may favor her with their custom. Having received the latest and most approved fashions, she hopes by punctuality and attention to give general satisfaction.
All orders for cutting and making Dresses, Coats, Habits, Pelisses, Bonnets, Hoods, Caps, &c. faithfully attended to.
Norway-Village, Dec. 15, 1829. 25

THE FAMILY READER.

The Family Reader, edited by SEBA SMITH, Jr. is published every Tuesday, at the office of Shirley & Hyde, Exchange-street, PORTLAND, at ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance, or one dollar and twenty-five cents if payment is delayed beyond three months. It is intended for a useful and interesting family miscellany; to contain no word or sentence improper to be read by any person in any circle; to be free from party politics and personal strife; no advertisements to be admitted, but the whole paper to be filled with interesting and useful reading: such as news in general, foreign and domestic; proceedings of Congress and of the State Legislature, Literature, Morality, Health, Economy, Farming, Gardening, Mechanics, Education, Domestic Management, &c.

Any person who will procure seven subscribers for whom he is willing to be responsible, shall be entitled to one year's subscription.

Letters, post paid, to the Editor or Publishers will receive due attention.
Dec. 1829.

Books & Stationary.

JUST received and for sale by the subscriber, Cooper's Surgery, with Tyrell's notes, a new edition; Bell's Surgery, 4 vols. 8 vo. with plates, cheap; Wilson on Fevers; Fordyce on Fevers; Buchanan's Domestic Medicine, a valuable work for families; Medical Dictionary; Cooper's Lectures; Burns' works, &c. &c.

Also—Lawyers' and Justices' Dockets; Laws of Maine; Town Officer; Civil Officer; Justices' Assistant, &c. with a general assortment of School Books—consisting of Geographies, &c. Evangelical Instructor—Columbian Reader—American Reader—Young Gentlemen's and Ladies' Museum—American Preceptor—Biblical Reader—Beauties of the Children's Friend—Boston Reading Library, &c. &c.

Also—the English Teacher's Guide, a very valuable work for School Masters.

Likewise—a complete file of the Oxford Observer, from its commencement to July 1823, handsomely bound.

Also—Writing, Letter, Wrapping, Cartridge and Marble Paper—Black and Red Ink—Inkpowder—Quills, &c.

ALSO A NEW SUPPLY

Of Brown's Drops for fits; Scott's Panacea; Galen's Restorative; Balm of Egypt; Pile Ointment; Smelling Bottles; Vegetable Pills, &c. &c.

ASA BARTON, Agent.
Norway, Dec. 21. 3w 26

New Bargains.

C. J. STONE,
CORNER OF COURT AND MIDDLE-STREETS, PORTLAND.

HAS just received from the New-York Auctioneers a large assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, purchased at great sacrifices, and will be sold lower than ever previously offered—among which are—

LADIES' Blue, Brown, Olive & Mix'd Cloths from \$3 to \$8; 20 ps Tartan, Scotch and Rob Roy Plaids from 20 cts to 25; Red, White, Yellow and Green FLANNELS; 50 ps fine Circassians, assorted Colors 25 cts to 26 per yard; 5 cases fancy Calicoes 8 to 12 1-2 cts; 6 cases very rich dark fancy Prints 15 to 23 cts; 1 case fine Philadelphia Plaids, 12 1-2 cts; Rich dark English, French and German Ginghams; 50 doz. Cotton and Silk Flag Hdk's 12 1-2 to 23; 2200 yds Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces 2 cts to 1s; Blk Levantine, Gros de Naples and Italian Silks. Blk Nankin & Canton Crapes \$2.75 to \$6; Blk & White Lace Veils 2s to \$4; Superfine 4/4 Checks at 1s; 20 bales Brown & Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings 5 to 20 cts. Super Ticking 13 to 25 cts; black and other cols Bombazetts 15 cts to 1s; Sattinets; Cassimeres; blk & slate Worsteds; Hosiery; Silk do; Gentleman's and Ladies' Silk, Beaver, Horseskin & Kid Gloves; Hosiery and York tan Mitts; Mens Stout Buckskin Gloves; Ribbons; Laces; Braids; Cords; 1 case Pins; Linens; Long Lavas; White, Blk and Red Merino Shawls; White, Blk and col'd Cambrics; Plain and fig'd Bock, Jacksonet, Cambric & Swiss Muslins—with many other articles too numerous to mention.

N. B. A liberal Credit will be given to country Dealers.
Nov. 3. 19

TEN CASES PRINTS.

CHEAPER than ever, by 25 per cent, this day received and for sale by
T. O. BRADLEY.
Portland, Oct. 23.

MORE NEW BOOKS

JUST received by the subscriber—Hall's Lectures on School Keeping. This work is a daily manual for the Instructor, and it ought to be in the possession of all such as are engaged in school teaching.

GROVE'S Greek and English Dictionary. WOODBRIDGE'S and WILLARD'S Universal Geography and Atlas. This work is superior to any other extant, as a Geography.

WOODBRIDGE'S School Geography and Atlas, new edition neatly improved. Pactical and Mental Arithmetic, on a new plan. Ingersoll's Grammar, large and small. Goodrich's History of the United States.—A new supply of the National Reader—the most valuable reading Book used in common schools.

KINNE'S Arithmetic, seventh edition just published and much improved.

PRIMARY CLASS BOOK.
Pope's Essay with notes. Student's Companion, new edition, with nearly every other work used in Academies and Schools.

Also—
Just received the History of Rinaldo Rinaldini, the Bandit. Ramon the Rover of Cuba, the celebrated Pirate. The Soldier's Crusade. A few copies of the Atlantic Souvenir, the most splendid work in the country, suitable for Christmas and New-Year's presents.

Springers Hymns, new edition with additions. Handel and Haydn collection of sacred music, a new supply.

Also, a few copies of the AMERICAN ALMANAC and Repository of useful knowledge for 1830—containing a greater variety of useful and entertaining information than can be found in any other work whatever. The statistical information has been collected at a great expense, and the work may now be considered as almost indispensable as a book of reference.

Likewise, the December number of the American Quarterly review. This is really a National work. Subscriptions received for this, the North American Review and the Christian Examiner by
ASA BARTON, Agent.
Norway Village, Dec. 14. 3w 25

INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE & LIVER COMPLAINTS.

(AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY.)

JEWETT'S improved Vegetable pills, or German Specific, will prove a sure remedy for Indigestion, Jaundice, Diseases of the Liver, Loss of appetite, Headache, Dizziness, Weakness of the Limbs, Costiveness and Piles. Among the many testimonials recently received of the salutary effect of these Pills, the following strong proof is submitted for examination.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Martin Knapp, Sudbury, Vt. Sept. 3, 1823.

Dear Sir—It is with no ordinary interest that I undertake to recommend to the public the values of Jewett's improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific, for the cure of Indigestion, &c. My own case has been one of the most unrequitable kind, having long suffered from the most fashionable Specific—the waters of Saratoga. Being totally prostrated in mind and body, I was induced almost without hope, and to make use of the above named Pills; and was surprised to find their powerful effects. My distressing symptoms daily decreased, and I am now almost entirely cured of a most distressing complaint which for seven years had resisted a great variety of the most popular remedies.

Yours respectfully,
MASON KNAPPEN,

Minister of the Gospel, Sudbury, Vt.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman of Boston was received through the Boston Post Office, dated September 14, 1823.

Sir—I am induced by the feelings of the liveliest gratitude to make known to the public the following cure by means of Jewett's improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific. My complaint was the Dyspepsia, attended with pain in the side and stomach, loss of appetite, &c. &c. I applied to several distinguished Physicians, and used all the medicine generally prescribed to persons in my situation; but they proved ineffectual. At last by the advice of a friend, who had been cured in a case of something similar to mine, I made trial of the above named Pills, and by my implicitly following the directions they gave me almost instant relief, and by using two boxes more, they effected a permanent cure. I am now enjoying excellent health, and would heartily recommend to those persons laboring under Dyspepsia, to make trial of the above medicine.

Many new certificates may be examined on the bill of directions.

Observe that the bill of directions to each genuine box is signed H. Plumley, and the label to each box is signed in the hand writing of the joint proprietor.

DR. JEWETT'S AMERICAN VEGETABLE BITTERS.

These Bitters have been extensively used for nearly thirty years, and are highly approved for indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General weakness, Heart Burn, Nausea, Jaundice, Sick Headache, &c.

They are prepared from Vegetables exclusively the growth of our own country, and are unquestionably at present before the public the most valuable remedy for those diseases in which Bitters of any sort are indicated.

The Bitters are prepared by Stephen Jewett, son of the late Dr. Stephen Jewett, of Ringe, N. H. and warranted to be of the same quality of those formerly prescribed by his father. Price 50 cents.

DR. JEWETT'S VEGETABLE RHEUMATIC AND STRENGTHENING PLASTERS,

for pain in the breast and side, weakness of the joints, rheumatism, &c. Price 50 cents the joints, rheumatism, &c. Price 50 cents the joints, each of which is sufficient for three Plasters. Sold by
ASA BARTON, Agent.
Norway, April 24. 6only 43

WANTED,

IMMEDIATELY, a smart active boy, as an Apprentice to the Printing Business. One about 16 or 17 years of age who is possessed of a pretty good education will meet with encouragement by applying at this Office.
Norway, Dec. 29, 1829.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE following new and valuable School Books are kept constantly for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the dozen or single copy, viz:

The AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK, designed for the highest classes in public and private schools: By John Pierpont.

The NATIONAL READER, calculated to take the place of the ENGLISH or MURRAY'S READER, in schools. This work is held in very high estimation in all schools in which it has been introduced. It was used in several schools in this county the last year.

"At a meeting of the School Committee of the city of Boston, holden at the Mayor and Aldermen's Room, July 2d, 1829.—Voted that 'Pierpont's National Reader' be introduced into the public grammar schools of this city, in lieu of 'Murray's English Reader,' after the visitation of the Schools in August.

Attest: T. W. PHILLIPS,
Secretary of the School Committee."

The INTRODUCTION to the NATIONAL READER. This Book is meant to take the stand occupied by the American Preceptor, Art of Reading, Columbian Reader, Understanding Reader, &c. Both of the above books are compiled by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who has long been one of the superintending school committee in Boston.

BOSTON READING LESSONS, for primary schools; a work well calculated as a reading book for young children.

The NATIONAL SPELLING BOOK decidedly preferable to any now in use. Also, The INTRODUCTION to the NATIONAL SPELLING BOOK well calculated for small scholars.

GOODRICH'S GEOGRAPHY & ATLAS. This Geography and Atlas is to say the least, equal to any others, in paper or print, while they are so arranged as to cost but two thirds as much as others as extensive as this. The proper names of Places, Rivers, Mountains, Seas, &c. are pronounced, which is of great value to the young Scholar.

The atlas, also, contains a large map in outline; to be filled up by the scholar thereby giving him a more practical knowledge of the construction of maps; than could be otherwise obtained.

WALSH'S ARITHMETIC. A new and improved edition. This work is already too well known to require a particular description, suffice it to say, that this edition is superior to any of the preceding.

GOODRICH'S HISTORY of the UNITED STATES, on an entirely new plan, adapted to the capacity of youth, and designed to aid the memory, by a systematic arrangement and interesting associations, illustrated with numerous engravings.

ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, by questions and answers, a small work admirably well calculated for beginners in that study.

MORSE'S GEOGRAPHY & ATLAS, new edition.

ADAMS' GEOGRAPHY and ATLAS, ditto.

Biblical Reader—Classical Reader—and Columbian Reader, with most School Books in use, which will be sold low. ASA BARTON, Agent.

In the press, Lectures on School Keeping; being a complete Schoolmaster's manual: highly serviceable to every person engaged in the subject of common Schools. By S. R. Hill.
Norway Village, Oct. 27. 9w 18

AT COST—AT COST.

JUST call at number (not two times three, nor three times two, but plain number) 6, Mussey's Row, where for a few weeks will be offered BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CALICOES, and a great variety of DRY GOODS.

of every description.—AT COST. Purchasers in want of Bargains will do well not to bother their heads with multiplication; but "just drop in" at
T. O. BRADLEY'S.

Portland, Dec. 1.

CELEBRATED ITCH & SALT Ointment.

PREPARED by Joel Miller. The great and merited reputation this ointment has acquired affords ample and conclusive truth of its being a cheap and efficacious cure for the Itch and Salt Rheum, and for many other eruptions of the skin, and may be used with safety by the most delicate constitutions, for sale by John F. Reeves, Druggist, Exchange-street, Portland, sole Agent for the N. E. States, where Druggists and others are solicited to call or send their orders to his address either for cash, credit or on commission. The above ointment is kept by Druggists in all the principal towns. For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by Asa Barton, Agent.
Norway, Feb. 9. 1yore

1830.

MAINE FARMER'S, ROBERT B. THOMAS' and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the hundred, dozen, or single.
ASA BARTON, Agent.
Nov. 3. 6w 20

WANTED,

IMMEDIATELY at this Office, a few cords of good dry WOOD, in payment for the Observer.

Also—A few bushels of good Wheat, Rye and Corn.
Dec. 23.

[FROM THE HARTFORD MIRROR.]
FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.
NO. VI.

Through the assemblage of armed men at the garrison, Weshop held his way, without stopping to make inquiries: for his eye conjectured the meaning of all he saw. He went directly to Van Tromp's room, and found him alone.—With a motion of the hand which native feeling rendered graceful he introduced to one another, these long separated friends, who fairly rushed into each other's arms and shed tears of joy at so unexpected a meeting. Du Quesne who felt at the moment happier, than he had ever been before, pointed in silence to the Indian as his deliverer, and Van Tromp, was astonished at the success of his achievement, and additionally grateful on this emergency, because he should have the assistance of his friend. He clasped the hand of Weshop strongly and looking full upon his quiet features, while his own were agitated with different emotions, spoke to him a few words in Indian, to which Weshop replied, for he loved to hear the sound of his native tongue, particularly from Van Tromp.

The Patroon, for so was Van Tromp commonly called, relaxed his grasp, and left the Indian to supply his wants, and consult his pleasure: adding only, 'You will not go?' 'No,' said the warrior, 'not now, perhaps never.' The two friends, left to themselves, commenced that sort of conversation which was natural on the occasion, in the course of which they explained, to each other, whatever was the subject of mutual inquiry, till Du Quesne declared that it was the first undisturbed moment he had enjoyed for long and long before, he would retire. What a luxury, said he, 'once more to sleep in safety after my troubles.'

'But will you wait for the evening service,' said the Patroon, 'the drum beats in a few moments.' 'What, do you muster your men for exercise?' 'No—our people shoot best without a manueul, but we meet, men, women and children, when the drum beats for prayers.' What, and the Indians too? I should think they would be disorderly. 'They are full as quiet as the rest. We have with us a young clergyman by the name of Elliot, from Massachusetts who performs part of his service in their language; and there is no doubt but they are benefited by his instruction.—They only require attention.'

'The Indians,' said Du Quesne, seem a mysterious people, about whom little can be known, though they swarm about us in such numbers. They are savage, bloodthirsty and implacable. I don't think they ever can be civilized.' 'What think you of that specimen which came to you in prison?' said Van Tromp. 'Ah! that indeed—think of him? he is a wonder any where—I owe him my life. That man could redeem his tribe if they were all murderers.' 'He has been cultivated some,' said Van Tromp, 'but you may see him use his tomahawk and bow and not wait your bidding, or ask your advice; and use the rifle too, with as little remorse as any of his countrymen. One reason why so little has ever been known about the Indians, is, that they will not communicate. They have a religion, it is certain; and I suspect they observe their articles of faith, though they seldom tell what they are, nor for want of language, for if you understand their language you will find it sufficiently copious; and if you listen to their conversation, you will be convinced that their sounds are softer than those of any other tongue that is spoken.—When the English undertake to write them in words, they fairly exhaust their liquids and vowels, and the reader who is acquainted with their spoken language is as much at loss to utter them as if he stood at a desk of printer's types; I have heard a better speech from an Indian Chief than that Greek oration of Dudley's *Peri tou Indionon*, but I forget my Greek, and I could not think of the word for civilize, if it was to civilize the whole tribe. Hark! the drum beats, you will know more of these in time—let us go.'

The religious service of the evening was performed, and the friends retired; Du Quesne to a repose which after his fatigue, was as sweet as the sleep of infancy, and Van Tromp, to visit his new inmates and go the rounds of his duty—after which, at the winding of a horn the garrison was silent.

Meanwhile Weshop, after eating and drinking among the people, and learning the particulars of the gathering, was retiring to the kitchen where he meant to spend the night. One Jonathan Hodges, a Yankee man, had taken up his quarters with Shadrach, and the black was just saying what has become of our runaway Indian, as the door opened. 'Ah here he comes,' continued the speaker, 'glad to see your old friend, help yourself,' as Weshop was taking up their mug of cider, the remains of which he drank without stopping for breath. 'Well, Weshop,' said Jonathan, 'what's the news; you must have been somewhere, by the strange gentleman I saw tagging at your heels—who was he, Weshop? I say, Weshop, who was he?' 'Why don't you tell him, dumbhead,' said the black, (cant get nothing out of him;) or here, help clear away these things—nev-

er was so poor a fool in a house as an Indian.' 'Come, Bearskin,' said Jonathan, 'clear your clam with some more cider, and give us the news. Did you see any thing of my brindle cow that I lost last June? I always thought Jim Staines shot that cow for a grudge he owed me or I owed him.'

'My name an't Bearskin, its Weshop, I ha'nt seen your cow.' 'Nobody cares for your name,' was the reply.—'Blue-skin, Redbird, Yellowlegs: any thing is name enough for an Indian—the name of an Indian!' and he uttered it very much as Dr. Doubty does the form of a hat!

Weshop motioned towards an unfinished hoe-handle that stood in the corner.

'What going to strike!' said Jonathan, 'they talk about civilizing the Indians! bless my soul—I'd rather time that wild cat I shot night before last!' One thing I'll say for Weshop,' said the black, he an't a talking man.' 'No,' said Jonathan, 'but to hear 'em yell in the woods, as I have done, a body would think they could talk. There is an oddity among people of different colors.' 'Talk to Shadrach about colors,' said the Indian. 'Different colors is nothing,' said the black. 'O, no—its owing to heat, and cold, and shade, and the sun, and moon, and the seven stars; but there is a difference among nations,' said Jonathan, 'tho' by the way I was never out of this.' 'Pray Jonathan,' said Shadrach, 'how many nations are there?' 'Ten thousand; but what is that to you? brush your master's boots, and have the guns in order for the hunting that is to be on Thursday; but put out the candle now—don't you hear the horn blowing for nine o'clock? Weshop has turned in I see, and I'll follow his example.' So saying Jonathan walked towards his bunk on one side of the kitchen, muttering about Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.

All was still, when Weshop, who awoke at the slightest noise, heard the howling of a dog at the door. 'Get up Shadrach, and let in Dash.' The Negro delayed some time, till the loudness of the dog's cries urged him to open the door.—'Lay down, Dash,' said he as the dog bounded into the room; but he was not to be quieted.—He overturned stools and benches, howled, returned to the door and then back, till the astonished Negro exclaimed 'the dog is mad.'—'Something is the matter,' said the Indian, 'where is your master? Shadrach lighted a candle, and the Indian springing on his feet, opened the inner door, and followed by the dog, went directly to the bedroom of Van Tromp.—It was empty and had been for the night. He roused Du Quesne, and told his conjectures. The newly arrived guest with the advice of his late guide, led the way and kept close to the dog set out upon a search without disturbing the garrison: attended by Shadrach and Jonathan.

A few who had been detained for the duty of a night watch, waited to prepare lanterns and horses and soon overtook the party in advance, but as they found themselves at a loss in the dark, it was agreed to take the dog for a guide. Weshop, tied a string to his collar, and hastened along at as round a trot as the horsemen dared to venture.

After passing through the woods and underbrush, they came to something like a path, which led along the brow of a declivity, whose sides were covered with bushes, and too dark to be seen. The turf was broken at the edge of the bank, and there were some prints of horse's hoofs. Weshop let slip the dog, and followed him down the descent, supported by the way the shrubs and stones. The result was soon known. Van Tromp's horse lay dead by the fall, and he was almost senseless. He was carefully carried to the garrison without unnecessary disturbance; and as Jonathan and Shadrach were again betaking themselves to rest, they wondered what he could have been doing there at that time of night.

Van Tromp had rode out of the garrison, soon after sunset, for the purpose as those who saw him supposed of reconnoitering the country.—His departure was noticed only by a few, who might be elsewhere at his return; and the constant hurrying and shifting from place to place among the new comers, left every one to suppose when the horn blew, that all was well, as the sentinel on his duty declared. A large black dog was the only attendant that followed his master.

The manuscript, which is unusually brief in this spot, makes mention of a family in the neighborhood, where an elderly lady resided, and a young lady, too of uncommon beauty and accomplishments, and adds, that in peaceful times, Van Tromp, for want of more edifying company, occasionally rode that way.—How that may have been, is rather to be conjectured from the residue of the story. The immediate result of the night's adventure was, that he was so badly bruised that he was scarcely able to turn himself in bed; and it was certain that he could not attend the hunting, which was to take place three days after.

This hunting was not the common sporting chase after the fox, or a tame deer, or did the skill which it required, depend in leaping fences or clearing

ditches. It was not a search after a partridge among the mountains;—provision, until more quiet times, was to be made for nearly ninety souls, including women and children; an extent of dangerous country was to be scoured, embracing what was called the Iroquois hunting ground, and all the still rougher tract beyond; and a fortnight might be consumed in the enterprise. Meanwhile the garrison would be stripped of its men except a few for immediate service, and left to the family discipline of old and young women.

'I shall not be able to hunt with you, Du Quesne,' said Van Tromp, 'and you'll find it a bad job for a beginner.' 'I hope you'll find your hurt not serious,' said he. 'I shall not be able to endure it,' was the reply; 'but after all, my mind torments me most. I have a dreadful apprehension, Du Quesne. This accident warns me that I may meet with others, and for fear of what may happen must make you my confidant. What think you I took this ride for? I'll tell you. About five miles off, at a place near the lake which the Indians call Manhaddock, and in the French, Port au Fer—but no matter for the name—is a family, which, except servants and laborers, consists of a lady and girl, by the name of Dubourg. She was the daughter of a French officer, who commanded a post on the lines, I believe.

He married somewhere on the Hudson, and lost his wife, and was then ordered abroad—but pshaw! 'what care you for that?' 'Any thing that interests you, I care for,' said Du Quesne.—'O! it's no interest of mine—that is, it would be very neglectful in me to leave such a family, so helpless, at such a time; so I meant to have brought the old lady and her people here. But, Du Quesne,' added he, lowering his voice, 'the house and buildings are burnt to the ground; and what can have become of the girl—so beautiful, I wish you could have seen her. A horrid suspicion came across my mind, as I wept over the spot. I raked the ashes, not knowing but I might find human bones.'

Van Tromp made a pause of some moments, which Du Quesne did not interrupt. He proceeded: 'There is one chance, the New-England troops were to assemble on the other side of the lake; and it may be that they are there already.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILK GOODS.

RICH India Satins, a great variety of Shades; Heavy Blk. Satin Levantines—Turk Satins; Gro de Fin—Gro de Nap—Gro de Burlins of various shades—strip'd and fig'd Silks—blk. Sinchaws and Sarsnets; Green Sarsnets—old Florences; blk. silk Hdk'fs. blk. Canton and Italian Grapes; Crape Dresses, &c. &c. all very cheap by

THOMAS O. BRADLEY.
Portland, July 28.

MORE GOOD BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has just received his Fall supply of GOODS, which he is offering at the lowest prices—being an inducement for every one who wants 'Bargains' to call.

AMONG THEM ARE Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Pelisse Cloths,

all prices, warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded. Blue & Brown CAMBLETS 2s., wide; do. 2s. 6d., & 3s.; PLAID 25 cts. 31 cts.; Green & Red Flannels 25 cts.; Pongees 50 cts.; Raw Silk Shawls 9s., 10s. 6d., & 12s.; Blk. Lace Veils 1 to \$5; Blk. Canton Crapes, best quality \$3.50; Fancy Hdk'fs. 25 to 75 cts.; Calicoes 12 1-2 to 1s. excellent quality and colors; Brown Sheetings 6 1-4 and 7 cts.; Sheetings 8 and 9 cts.; Belt Ribbons 6d and 1s.; Cap Ribbons, Gloves, Mitts, Laces, Buttons, Silk and Twist; Umbrellas; Tickings 12 1-2 and 1s.; best do. 20 and 25, with an extensive variety of other articles to numerous to particularize.

Purchasers from the country may depend upon getting such goods as they will be satisfied with, and probably upon little better terms than can often be found.

WILLIAM D. LITTLE.

WANTED—Blue, Mixt, Black and Red YARN of good quality, if brought soon.

Portland, Oct. 3, 1829. 3m15

NEW AND ELEGANT FALL GOODS.

THIS day received 52 Packages new and fashionable English, French, India and American Goods, comprising a larger assortment than ever before offered by

T. O. BRADLEY,
No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-street, Portland.
Sept. 15.

CROCKERY WARE.

H. WHITMAN,
At the store formerly occupied by Leach & Whitman, No. 6, Merchant's Row, keeps constantly on hand, assorted crates for country trade. Former customers of L. & W. are requested to call.
Portland, June 17, 1829.

DAMAGED GINGHAMS.

1 case damaged Scotch Ginghams, at 12 1-2 cents per yard—Also, 1 case more superior 12 1-2 cent Calicoes, just received at No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-st by
T. O. BRADLEY.

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

CONDUCTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF PHYSICIANS.

'Health—the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss.'

'THE primary object with the conductors of the Journal of Health, is to point out the means of preserving health and preventing disease. To attain this, all classes and both sexes shall be addressed, in a style familiar and friendly, and with an avoidance of such professional terms and allusions as would in any way obscure the subject or alarm the most fastidious. The fruits of much reading, study, and careful observation, shall be placed before them, so arranged and applied as to conduce most efficaciously to their bodily comfort and mental tranquillity. To whatever profession or calling they may belong, the readers of this Journal will find precepts susceptible of valuable application. Air, food, exercise, the reciprocal operation of mind and body, climate and localities, clothing and the physical education of children, are topics of permanent and pervading interest, with the discussion and elucidation of which the pages of the work will be mainly filled.

RECOMMENDATION OF THE WORK.

We approve of the plan on which the publication, entitled the 'Journal of Health' is conducted, and believe, that it is calculated to be useful, by enlightening public opinion on a subject of high importance to the welfare of society. The numbers which have appeared, evince talent, and may be viewed as a pledge of the continued usefulness of the publication, while conducted by its present editors. We, therefore, feel no hesitation in recommending it to public patronage.

Philadelphia, October, 13, 1829.

N. Chapman, M. D. } Professors in the University of Pennsylvania.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D. }
Thos. C. James, M. D. }
Wm. E. Horner, M. D. }
John C. Otto, M. D. }
Thos. T. Hewson, M. D. }
Franklin Bacho, M. D. }

Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. Stephen's Church.
Wm. H. De Lancey, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

E. B. Smith, Editor of the Philadelphia Recorder, and Rector of Grace Church.
G. T. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.

James Abercrombie, D. D. Assistant Minister of Christ Ch. and St. Peter's.
George Weller.
Jackson Kemper, Assistant Minister of Christ Ch. and St. Peter's.

Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church.
Wm. M. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church.

John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Michael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Catholic Church.

Wm. H. Fenness, Pastor of the first Congregational Church.
W. T. Brantly, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Editor of the Columbian Star.

Jno. L. Dagg, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church.
Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Union Church.

Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.

In addition to the above, the names of a number of highly esteemed members of the different professions, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice, the public press from one end of the continent to the other, has spoken of the Journal of Health in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TERMS.

The JOURNAL OF HEALTH will appear in Numbers of 16 pages each, octavo, on the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month. Price per annum, \$1 25, in advance. Subscriptions and communications (post paid) will be received by JUDAH DOBSON, Agent, No. 108 Chesnut-Street, Philadelphia.

Subscribers at a distance will discover, that the difficulty in remitting the amount of a single subscription will be obviated by any four of them sending on five dollars to the agent. Those to whom this may not be convenient, can receive sixteen numbers of the work by remitting a dollar to the same person.

The Journal of Health, including index, will form at the end of the year a volume of 400 pages, octavo.

AGENTS.—J. Dobson, 108 Chesnut-Street, Philadelphia; W. & J. Neal, Baltimore, Wm. Burgess, 97 Fulton-street, New York; Carter & Hender, Boston; and in most of the towns in the United States. 24

Samuel Coleman, Portland, Agent for Maine.

DYEING, GLEANSING & PRINTING, by the Lynn Printing Company.
T. O. BRADLEY,
Agent to the Company.

Store No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-street. Sept. 29 Portland.

ELEGANT WHITE NAVAR HATS.

ONE case (very nice) white Navarino Hats, just received from New York, for sale at 50 cts. each.

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

SAFFLOWER PRINTS.

FIVE Cases New and Elegant PRINTS, this day received. Also a great variety of NEW GOODS, all very cheap.
T. O. BRADLEY.
Portland, July 28.

LOOKING GLASSES, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

T. ODD'S

MANUFACTORY, sign of the Looking Glass, Exchange-street,—Where may be obtained Pier, Mantel, Chamber and Toilet Glasses, framed in the best manner, at less prices than they have before been sold for in this town.

Frames of every description—for Portraits, Ladies' Needle-work, Prints, Profiles, &c. Also, Looking Glass Plates, window, clock, picture, and coach Glass. Gold Leaf, by the pack or single book.

Old Frames new gilt and repaired. Looking Glass plates set in old frames. Glass cut to any pattern.

Portland, Oct. 20, 1829. 1y 18

NEW FALL GOODS, FOR CASH.

THOMAS O. BRADLEY, Store No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-St. Portland, has just received 52 Packages seasonable Goods—such as BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SILKS, Merino Shawls and Dry Goods of every description—*Cheap for Cash only.*

Those indebted to the subscriber of more than three months standing must pay by the first of November, as all remaining unpaid at that time will be left with the Attorney for collection.
Sept. 29, 1829.

MEDICAL SCHOOL OF MAINE.

THE MEDICAL LECTURES at BOWDOIN COLLEGE will commence on Tuesday, the twenty third day of February, 1830.

Theory and Practice of Physic, by JOHN DELAMATTER, M. D.

Anatomy & Surgery, by J. D. WELLS, M. D.

Midwifery, by JAMES MCKEEN, M. D.

Chemistry and Materia Medica, by P. CLEVELAND, M. D.

The ANATOMICAL CABINET is extensive, and very valuable.

The LIBRARY, already one of the best Medical Libraries in the United States, continues to be every year enriched by New Works, both foreign and domestic.

Every person becoming a member of this Institution, is required to present satisfactory evidence, that he possesses a good moral character.

The amount of fees for admission to all the Lectures is \$50. Graduating fee, including diploma, \$10. There is no matriculating fee. The Lectures continue three months.

Degrees are conferred at the close of the Lecture term in May, and at the following Commencement of the College in September. A systematic course of instruction, embracing Recitations in all the branches of Medical Science, Demonstrations, and Lectures, will be given by the Professors, during the interval between the annual courses of Lectures.

Boarding may be obtained in the Commons Hall at a very reasonable price.

By direction of the President,
PARKER CLEVELAND, Secretary.

Brunswick, Sept. 26, 1829. 6wcep.

COTTON GOODS—CHEAP!

T. O. BRADLEY has just rec'd 10 bales BROWN SHEETINGS—10 do. SHIRTINGS—bleached do. do.—all very cheap, from 6 to 25 cents per yard.

Also—2 bales TICKINGS, uncommonly cheap. [Portland, Sept. 18.]

CAMEO SILKS.

JUST received at No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-street, 10 ps, elegant Came Foulard Silks, an entirely new article, and much richer than any thing of the kind ever before offered.
T. O. BRADLEY.
Nov. 17.

JOHN DAY

HAS RECEIVED HIS FALL SUPPLY OF CROCKERY,—China and Hard Ware GOODS, comprising an assortment of Shovels—Nails—polished Brass Kettles, a new article—Brass Fire Sets—Knives and Forks—Tea Trays—Hollow Ware—Brass and Japanned Candlesticks—warranted Brushes—Shovels and Tongs—Hemming and Sons Needles, warranted good—Carpenter's Tools—House and Cabinet Trimmings—SILVER SPOONS—an extensive supply of

FANCY GOODS,

suitable for country trade.
Wrought Canton COMBS, an elegant article, cheap.—Elegant B. Print Dining Sets—nicer cut and moulded and common Glass Tumblers—Wines—Decanters, Plates, &c., sort ed Crates—C. C. edged and Blue riot Ware of every description, at wholesale and retail at the Furnishing Store for house-keepers.
No. 11, Mussey's Row, Middle-Street,
Portland, Sept. 16, 1829. 35

MERINO CLOTHS.

27 pieces elegant Paris Merino Cloths colors—royal purple, amaranth, sea green maroon, scarlet, orange, pink and drab, with every other fashionable shade, just received by
T. O. BRADLEY,
No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-street.
Portland, Nov. 17.

NEW GOODS.

29 Packages New Fall Goods—cloths Cassimeres, Scotch and Tartan Plaids, Bombazetts, Camblets, Bockings, Flannels, &c. &c. just received at No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-st. Portland, by
T. O. BRADLEY.